SKETCH OF

THE SITKA TRAINING SCHOOL

SITKA, ALASKA

Under the Woman's Board
of Home Missions of
the Presbyterian Church

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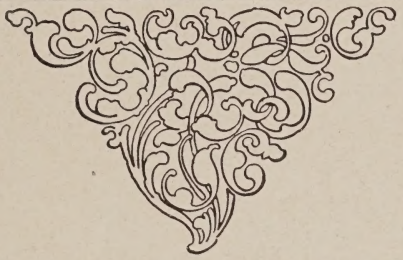


LITERATURE DEPARTMENT *of the* WOMAN'S BOARD *of*
HOME MISSIONS *of the* PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Sitka Industrial Training School

HISTORICAL

Sitka, the political, commercial, religious and educational center of Russian America, as Alaska was formerly known before that country came into the possession of the United States, is still the capital, being the home of the territorial officials, who receive their appointments from the President. History records the fact

SITKA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

that as early as 1805 a school was opened, which soon after was given into the hands of the Russians, in whose charge it, and the subsequent schools, remained until the transfer of the country to the United States, when their teachers were recalled. It was not until 1878, however, that a school was opened by any American denomination, though for ten years thousands of natives had met death while subjects of a Christian land without ever being told the way of life.

In 1880, Miss Austin, who at that time went to take charge of the school, reopened it with an attendance of over one hundred, in one of the rooms of the guard-house; but the school soon outgrew the accommodations, and it was found necessary to remove it to the old hospital building. The eagerness of the people to learn was measured, seemingly, only by the population, for at the beginning of the school in their new quarters hundreds crowded into the old building with the announcement that they had come to *school*. They comprised both sexes and all ages, for an Alaskan has little conception of age, and at seventy-five believes he should be able to undertake what he should have done at fifteen.

The treatment given them by the Russians had been so cruel that they gave a quick response to the kindly greetings of the Americans. Their ideas of a school were in keeping with their preparation for it. Their personal appearance distressed them, and having caught the spirit of regeneration they were anxious to do their best in adopting American manners and customs. Being of amphibious natures, the process of getting the feet in proper position required time and patience. To a marvelous extent they "toed in," awkwardly sitting upon their feet, and using the benches for desks. After thoroughly oiling their skins, they were comforted in the thought of advancement. But water and soap were brought into active service; windows and doors were opened, and it is said fans were made useful.

The Boarding Department was opened under circumstances rather unique. A number of boys asked the privilege of taking up their abode in the school building, arguing that owing to the carousing at home—an inseparable part of the life of the native families who are unchristianized—they could not study or live the lives they desired to. This request had to be denied them for lack of room and furnishings. Not to be defeated, they overcame the obstacles by taking possession of a vacant room in one of the

old Russian barracks, claiming their right to live in "Boston style." This is the ambition of every Alaskan who comes under the influence of American civilization, and learns a mode of life different from the old tribal customs. The belief exists among them that everything that is American comes from Boston. They improvised bedsteads out of boxes, and tin cans were made to serve as mirrors. When duly established they invited their teachers to inspect their Bostonian quarters; and to evince their great respect for them, and to make very plain the knowledge they had acquired in the use of these articles, they wrapped themselves in their blankets and retired, stretched out upon their bed, which bore the imported title given to all their household effects. Though the mattresses and pillows were unmistakably missing, their happiness was none the less apparent. Such was the beginning of the Boarding Department of this school.

In 1882, a site for the school was selected, and a building 100x50 feet in size erected. About the time this change was being made, a home for girls, established at Ft. Wrangel by Mrs. A. R. McFarland, the first missionary to Alaska, was transferred to Sitka, and the two united as an Industrial and Training School. Another building for the girls was needed, and one similar in structure to that of the boys was erected.

LOCATION

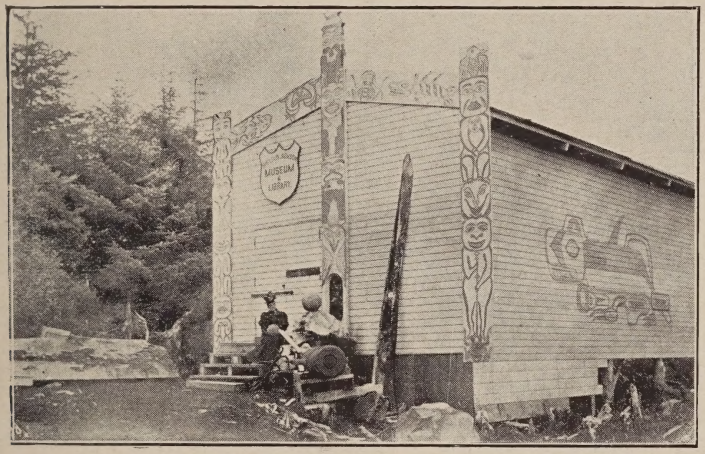
The Mission Plant is admirably located on an elevation about one hundred feet from high-water mark, with a gently rolling beach, which permits the high tides of the Pacific Ocean to dash within fifty feet of the front yards. The outlook over bay and islands is one of wondrous beauty.

The buildings, comprising Boys' and Girls' homes, laundry, blacksmith shop, industrial building, museum, church and manse, are centrally situated between the town of Sitka and Indian River, and are scattered over several acres of ground.

An abundant supply of pure water is brought in pipes a distance of a mile. The water is forced a height of eighty feet into tanks by means of a large pump run by water-power, and from this source all the buildings, including the hospital and manse, are supplied.

MISSION HOSPITAL

On the road leading to Indian River is the Sitka Mission Hospital, a two-story building, with an annex for kitchen and



SHELDON JACKSON MUSEUM.

private ward. While the main object of the hospital is to provide for the sick of the Training School, the work is not limited to this, as native adults or children are received at any time, nor are all the patients from Sitka, many coming from other villages for treatment.

Several of the Sitka pupils have been trained as nurses and have rendered valuable service here in the hospital and in the homes to which they have gone While a comparatively small

part of the time is devoted to religious work, yet the Bible study is emphasized; services are held regularly in the ward every evening and the Sabbath-school lesson is taught every Sunday. That much real good is accomplished in quickening the spiritual life of all who come under the influence exerted in hospital life is abundantly shown by the character of those who have gone forth and are teaching or caring for the sick as opportunity offers.

SITKA TRAINING-SCHOOL, GIRLS.

MANUAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS

This comprises training in the kitchen, dining-room, dormitory, sewing department and laundry. The girls are divided into sections, or divisions, each serving in turn in the various departments. The work of kneading two or three sacks of flour for baking is too heavy for the girls, hence two boys do this in the

evening, but the girls rise early, mould it into loaves and by ten o'clock they have turned out ninety or one hundred loaves of bread. The rules of the cooking department require perfect neatness and the girls soon learn that they must have clean hands, hair well combed, and must present a tidy appearance before beginning work. At first they do not care for this kind of training; they see no reason for measuring anything; their simple method

SITKA TRAINING SCHOOL, BOYS.

of boiling everything, minus seasoning, requires less time and thought, and is perfectly satisfactory to them. The more they learn, however, the greater their interest, and proud indeed are those girls who, having mastered the art of making pies and cake, are allowed to furnish these as a treat to their companions.

Sewing appeals to their womanly instincts and they learn

readily to use the sewing machine. This knowledge stands them in good stead, since they make many of their own garments, besides those of the little boys.

Patching and mending for seventy or eighty boys prevent hand sewing from becoming a "lost art."

MANUAL TRAINING FOR BOYS

It is the aim of the school to give the boys a practical knowledge in carpentry, shoemaking, boat-building and other industries. The entire plant is kept in repair and new buildings erected by the boys themselves, under the supervision of the teacher in charge. All the shoes for the pupils of the school are made by pupil apprentices, under the direction of a native teacher, who learned his trade at the school.

Several plats of arable land give opportunity for instruction in gardening, but it requires much labor and expense to clear the ground and render the soil fit for cultivation. Lettuce, beets, turnips, cabbage, peas, onions and cauliflower are successfully cultivated, as are currants, rhubarb, strawberries and raspberries.

THE PURPOSE

The purpose is to develop the whole being, and in a practical way to teach the Alaskans the things they will need to know when they go out into the world to do for themselves. Manual occupations are within their reach just as fast as they acquire sufficient knowledge of the English language to enable them to prosecute the learning of a trade with intelligent success. To accomplish permanent benefit in the way of mastering trades they must first acquire a good common school education. After certain initiatory advancement has been made, industrial work is made co-equal with the classroom—half of the time of each pupil being given to study, under efficient teachers, while the remainder is spent in acquiring a practical knowledge of trade industries and

the little details of every-day life—such as making the most of things at hand, doing work without unnecessary waste of time, caring for tools, etc. Two evenings of each week study hour period is devoted to giving instruction in vocal music, the school being divided into two classes. The Alaskans have a natural fondness for music, and learn the rudiments readily, and both grades have made good progress.

THE CORNET BAND.

The organization and work of the school is such as daily to familiarize them with American ways, and to ingraft into their lives frugal and industrious habits.

SOME RESULTS

Many of the pupils have earned and are still earning good wages simply by their knowledge of the English language by acting as guides, interpreters, and packers for the large number of white men who have come into the territory within recent

years. Especially was this true during the memorable season of 1897-98, when the miners found the assistance of our boys of incalculable value. The miners found the boys invariably honest and trustworthy.

As far as can be traced, of boys educated in the Sitka School, there are now employed as follows:

Eleven in the boot and shoe trade, three in boat building, twenty-two in carpentry, three in coopering, two in clerking,

THE CARPENTER BOYS.

four in cannery, two in engineering, three in mining, two as missionaries, two as teachers, four as merchants, one as painter and paperhanger, four in saw mills, one as silversmith.

The following number of girls are employed in work: Two in cooking, four in dressmaking, two as missionaries, four as teachers, and two as nurses. Twenty-eight of the girls who have

graduated from the Sitka Training School have married and established Christian homes, while many who are not married, but who are at home, are living industrious, Christian lives.

Recently a society has been organized whose members pledge themselves to abandon all their traditional customs—witchcraft, shamanism (Indian doctor), public feasts and heathen rites in honor of the dead, the claims of indemnity for wrongs, taking all the property from the widows, etc. All these are to be forever abandoned, and no member is to attend any heathen dance or

BOAT BUILT BY BOYS AT SITKA MISSION, ALASKA, FOR ST. LOUIS FAIR.

festivity. The new society requires all its members to have a Christian marriage, and for each man to have but one wife. The Bible is to be their rule of faith and practice. *Most of the charter members are graduates of the Training School.* All the members are active in church work. As superstition has a very strong hold upon all the old natives, and many of the young people are slow to depart from the ways of their fathers, this organization

will have a powerful influence in breaking up these established customs and bringing this people into the light and liberty of the Gospel.

In addition to the foregoing, the following from the pen of a native marks as one blessed result the breaking down of tribal enmities and the unifying of race sentiment:

"Here at Sitka are 133 of the cleanest, happiest boys and girls to be found in all this great land of ours. Eskimos from the north, Aleuts from the west, Haidas from the south, Tinneh from the interior, Tsimsheans and Thlingits from the coast are living together in most friendly fashion in our mission school; and yet the grandparents, and even the fathers and mothers, of these children were bitter enemies.

"My grandmother taught me to hate the Sitka people because members of our Stickine tribe had been massacred by them long ago. An insult was never forgotten. The mother taught her children to hate and revenge, and when the children grew up they, in their turn, taught their children the same wicked lessons. That is the reason why it seems almost a miracle that representatives of all these one-time enemies should live so lovingly together. What has accomplished this change? It is the power of the PRINCE of PEACE."

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ALASKAN BOYS AND GIRLS IN SCHOOL.

Sitka Series.—No. 3.

SITKA, ALASKA, *Jan. 2d, 1902.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

The great wave of gladness that sweeps over the earth during these last weeks of December does not leave our part of Alaska untouched. Each Christmas Day seems a happier one for us and our children. This letter will give you glimpses of the Alaskan boys and girls in the Training School during this glad Christmas season. Santa Claus' Christmas-tree forest isn't far from here, so all that the boys had to do when they needed one was to go to the forest and chop down one big enough to hold gifts for 150 people. A tall spruce was selected, in symmetry beautiful without further adornment! The bringing in of a Christmas tree is always an occasion for much hurrahing and general hilarity.

The Alaskan boys can raise a din quite as successfully as the average Anglo-Saxon. Sturdy hands drew the tree to its place in the church. The small boys darted in and out, always in some one's way, but hugely enjoying themselves. The girls hung over an adjoining fence, commenting and helping along generally with their tongues. When all was finished the interior of the church did credit to the æsthetic abilities of Mr. B. and his carpenter boys.

It has been the custom of the children to entertain the town people with songs and recitations. On Christmas eve the church was packed with natives and white people. Several of the recitations were well received. During a momentary hush Santa Claus (one of the boys), clad in a squirrel-skin robe and reindeer boots, came marching up the aisle. His appearance was greeted with a storm of applause. Santa had a bad cold, so his song as he left us, "Farewell, Farewell, I'm Going Over the Sea," was adorned with numerous cracks and quavers which only added to the intense sadness of the parting.

The most effective piece of the evening was one rendered by several girls dressed to represent stars. They looked beautiful in their flowing white robes sprinkled with tiny stars and a larger star adorning each forehead. Their pronunciation of English was perfect. The girls carried themselves so easily and so

gracefully that it was hard to realize that they were real Alaskan girls.

The school treated the village children to candy—Russian, Tlingit and white, each had a generous bagful. After the exercises we sat awhile to munch candy and pop-corn and to admire our gifts. The school cornet band played appropriate pieces at intervals, adding much to the evening's pleasure.

Christmas morning at the mission is always characterized by that quintessence of noise—the blowing of toy horns. No sooner are the horns and drums within the eager clutch of the small boys than full-fledged military bands are strutting round the campus discoursing martial strains and sweet airs. Over in the girls' quarters harmonicas are all the rage. From reveille to taps the gap is filled with the music of numerous harmonicas in full blast and in all known chords of major and minor. On the silent listener the effect is this: "How happy, very happy, the children are." And, if it is not telling tales out of school, the silent listener succumbs to the inevitable and is soon blowing a horn and executing a few steps, too—the happiness is so contagious.

The English custom of carol singing on Christmas night was introduced by the Metlakahtla boys at the time of their transfer from English to American soil. Every Christmas night the Cottage people (who,

you know, are graduates from our school) sing carols through the streets of Sitka. They are welcomed everywhere, and not infrequently are invited in for a cup of hot coffee by appreciative listeners. Exactly at twelve the Cottage Choir sang their Christmas carols in front of the mission. It was a stormy night. The wind rattled loose window casings; hail battered the panes at intervals; but high, clear above the roar of the elements was heard one soprano voice, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth, Peace." She was a mission girl not long ago. The peace and good will of which she sang had reached her people and she sang from the heart. As the music died away in the distance more than one listener bent the knee before God in gratitude, that among the Alaskans there was no more strife, but peace and good will.

Cordially yours,

FRANCES H. WILLARD.

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156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

ALASKAN BOYS AND GIRLS IN SCHOOL.

Sitka Series.—No. 2.

DEAR FRIENDS:

In no other place in Southeastern Alaska is there gathered so large a number of native children as may be found in our Training School at Sitka. The Sitka Training School is a familiar name in the homes of many Christian people in the United States. How many prayers ascend to our God in its behalf! How the wee tots save their pennies in order that "their boy" or "their girl" may enjoy and profit by the benefits of Christian education at the Sitka Training School!

It costs about $100 to feed, clothe, care for and educate an Alaskan child at our school. Many of the pupils here are orphans, or are those whose parents are not capable of caring for them. The Industrial Training School is more than its name implies, it is an orphanage and rescue home as well. During the days when witchcraft was openly practiced by these people, time after time were children rescued by the school from the hands of their tormentors or would-be murderers.

Child marriage, by contract, or by law of suc-

cession, as practiced by the Alaskans, presents as pitiful a picture as our foreign missionaries find in India. Sometimes children are betrothed in infancy, and marriages are contracted early, which are a cause of much misery among these people. Not infrequently the young girls seek protection, and find it, in our school. There are several such cases here now. Recently there was admitted here a bright looking girl of about fourteen or fifteen, who had been forced by her relatives to marry an old man. She was treated so cruelly that she appealed to the missionaries, who sent her to this school. She bears on her face an ugly scar, a reminder of her past life.

All the pupils over ten or twelve years of age attend school a half-day only. The schoolrooms are in the girls' hall. Last winter, to make room for the primary grade, the boys' sitting-room was converted into a schoolroom. There are about 130 children here, 50 of them being girls. The majority of the pupils are small. The industrial shops are small and can accommodate only a limited number at a time. There are between eight and ten boys in the carpentry class. These boys do all the repairing and building that is done here. The boys make all the shoes for the school.

Besides the instruction that they receive in the domestic science kitchen, the girls take turns in working in their own kitchen. Here the food is cooked on such a mammoth scale that the knowledge gained is of little practical value. To supple-

ment this two girls are chosen every month to assist in the teachers' kitchen. It is here that the girls get their real working knowledge of cooking. Housekeeping is a sort of an instinct with women and girls in general. Not so with the real Alaskan woman. This is not to be wondered at. In their own homes they do not even wash the dishes, if there are any. Usually the meal is contained in one pot or vessel. The family, old and young, dogs and all, seat themselves on the floor in a ring, with the pot in the center, and, each armed with a spoon, proceed with the serious business of eating. According to Alaskan etiquette, it is impolite to laugh or talk while eating. The meal finished, the spoons are thrown in the pot, the pot left on the floor by the fire, until such time as it will be needed again, when it may be washed or not, as suits the pleasure of the cook *pro tem.* Often the father or other male members will do all the cooking As the family live usually in one room, dirt and refuse accumulate rapidly, and very little attempt is made at housecleaning.

Not long ago a missionary had occasion to visit the homes of some of the more civilized Tlingits at Sitka. In one house the family was not at home. There was a young woman there, however, who informed the missionary that "the people in here are not clean. They think they are, if they sweep their house out after the dirt has accumulated so that it has to be shovelled out. I worked for a white woman who made me wipe the chairs every day, when I couldn't

see any dirt on them. Now I call that clean. These people are not clean." So housekeeping and cooking is a hard science for our girls. The real forte of the Alaskan woman is sewing. She can become and is an expert needlewoman. From the delicate bead embroidery to the fashioning of garments they are a success. Our girls cut and sew their own dresses and aprons. They like this kind of work.

With so much attention given to the material welfare, their spiritual advancement is not overlooked. Far from being stoical or undemontrative in their religion, they are more like the warm-hearted negro. The moral standard of the school is high. Let a boy throw a stone and accidentally break a window-pane, he will not hesitate one minute about "owning up," although he may be sure he'll not escape some kind of punishment. In the intermediate grade the pupils are put upon their honor about talking in school. At the end of every session the teacher calls the roll and each pupil gives a report of his or her conduct. Rarely is this confidence abused. Before the advent of the white people, thieving was capital offence. This may, in some measure, influence our children in this matter also, as there is a remarkable absence of this vice among them, although to Christ and the Christian religion belongs the greater glory.

Very cordially yours,

FRANCES H. WILLARD.

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Literature Department of the
Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church,
156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

ALASKAN BOYS AND GIRLS IN SCHOOL.

SITKA is the pretty Russian name of the capital of Alaska, that vast possession of the United States that gives us a proprietorship in icebergs and reindeer, totems and a midnight sun.

Alaska also stands for the largest missionary investment in the Northland of that great stock company, the Presbyterian Church, and the young folks of the church make a fairly good array of shareholders in the enterprise, which at this point is the Sitka Presbyterian Industrial Training School for the Alaskans. You are invited to look into it.

"Here are found nearly one hundred and fifty of the cleanest, happiest boys and girls in all Alaska—Eskimos from the north, Alutes from the west, Haidas from the south and Thlingets from the coasts, all living together in most friendly fashion. Yet the grand-parents, and even the fathers and mothers of these children were bitter enemies. Do you ask what has accomplished this change?"

A knowledge of the Truth learned through the missionary and the missionary teacher.

And the Sitka school has played a most important part in bringing about these results.

Listen to the story.—

A day school was opened in 1878 but was in session only a few months. In 1880 Miss Austin was sent from New York and the school was re-opened in an old Russian guardhouse. One hundred and three natives, comprising both sexes and all ages, presented themselves for enrollment. Increased numbers made larger accommodations necessary and the school was removed to an old building formerly used for a hospital.

In November of the same year seven boys asked the privilege of living at the schoolhouse, asserting that there was so much drinking and carousing at home that they could not study. "Impossible," said the teacher, "there are no furnishings." This did not deter the boys, who, providing themselves with blankets, took possession of a vacant room in one of the old Russian barracks, and proceeded to live in what they termed "Boston style." The beds were constructed of old boxes, and though mattresses and pillows were unmistakably absent, and bright tin cans were made to serve as mirrors, the boys were happy and satisfied.

These "seven charter members" of the Sitka Boarding School "builded better than they knew," for their earnestness and zeal for an education so commended them to the naval officers stationed at Sitka that other

boys from remote tribes were brought there, an old government building was made habitable for them and the boarding department of the school became an established fact. From this unique beginning grew the present "Industrial Training School," with its Boys' Home, Girls' Home, buildings for various industries, Hospital and model cottages.

The whole plant is a busy hive of industry. Half of the time of each pupil is given to class-room work, and half to acquiring a practical knowledge of trade industries and of the useful things of every day life. All the shoes for the pupils are made by the boys under a native shoemaker who learned his trade in the school. Some arable land on which root vegetables grow finely furnishes work along the agricultural line, while the entire plant of school buildings is kept in repair and new buildings erected by the boys under the supervision of a trained carpenter.

The girls are trained in every department of household industry, kitchen and dining-room service. They make much of their own clothing, and each girl over seven years of age is taught to knit her own stockings. Though the sewing machines are brought into use every day, there is so much patching and mending to be done for the boys that the girls are in no danger of neglecting the art of hand sewing.

The home life of the school is made very pleasant. Their games and plays are such as

white children enjoy. For out-doors: marbles, baseball, kites, sailing boats of their own make, bows and arrows, coasting, skating, rope-jumping, etc. For in-doors: checkers, dominoes, authors and games of a kindred nature. In all these the teachers mingle with the pupils as an aid to social development.

All the story cannot be told in this little leaflet but this Sitka school is a Christian home in every sense of the word, with religious training seven days in the week, and all who are investing money in it may be assured of large dividends in blessings to others, great and abundant.

Look at this picture sent by a native worker.

"It is evening and the hour of prayer. The strains of 'When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,' float out on the still air from the open windows. Many a strolling pair or solitary pedestrian pause and listen to the remarkably sweet voices of these children of Alaska and must go on their way the better for having listened. There is a period of hushed silence when one feels the very presence of God. Then 'Dear Father, O help me to be a good boy, give me strength to resist temptation,' is breathed out falteringly by one whose growth in the Christian life makes us glad and humble. Prayer after prayer is offered and now and then an encouraging testimony is given. There is no pause now and the hour slips by all too soon."

Are you ready to make an investment?

No 225 2d Ed.—8, 1901.

SOUCTH-SHAN

(THE OLD HAT)

By GEORGE J. BECK, Sitka Training School, Alaska

ONE spring day, sometime near the beginning of the present century, a party of men—native Alaskans they were—embarked in their canoe of red cedar-wood for a long trip in and out among the beautiful islands of Southeastern Alaska. The whole scene was one of wonderful beauty. The long arm of the calm Pacific washed the foot of the sloping hills and lofty mountains, fir-clad from the water's edge to the timber line, beyond that covered by the everlasting snows sparkling in the sunlight, or, when caught in the winter wind, whirling, drifting, into piles of dazzling purity, while here and there a rugged peak of black rock jutted out in all its ugliness, showing, by its contrast, the brilliance of the snow and the great strength of the mountain. Down below, circling about the heads of the natives, were countless birds—the gulls, pure white and gray; the stately eagle, sailing in majestic circles—now far up in the blue, now nearer the water; and the ducks of many kinds. The natives, gliding swiftly on with the tide, added not a little to the picture. They were dressed

in bright-colored blankets of mountain-sheep's wool, which had been dyed with the juice of berries or with fish-skins. Their skins were dark, eyes keen, arms muscular and heads fur-capped. At the regular dip of their paddles they leaned far over the sides of their canoe, which was of marvelous workmanship, of such graceful lines that it rode the water like a native swan, darting, under the skillful touch of the steering paddle in the hands of their chief, Katlian, here and there, now close inshore, again far out in the Strait, as they worked against the tide or caught the currents from behind projecting points.

On and on they went, day after day, camping at night around the fire heaped high with logs of spruce, throwing its glare far out on the water and its dancing shadows far up in the tree-tops. And as they ate their meal of dried fish and seaweed they talked of their trouble, for had not the Russians, powerful nation that they were, come down upon them with their great ships of war, taken their homes, enslaved their weaker comrades, built strong forts with the great ondaoohna (ship-guns) in them? Had they not made laws which interfered with their liberties as free men, and threatened to kill them should they disobey?

Ah, because of these doings the hearts of the men about the fire were sad, and

as they thought their sadness gave way to anger, and, knowing not Christ, their whole hearts—their very being—became filled with hatred, and their only thought became revenge! They knew from the size of the Russian "gun-ten-youkh" (fire canoes) that they could not drive them out; but they could have revenge, and to the savage in the far Northland, and to the unregenerate American citizen to-day, revenge is sweet. So from this time their one purpose became the undoing of the Russians. Sleep, tired muscles, aching limbs—all were forgotten, and springing up, Katlian at once set about carving his war-bonnet of red cedar-wood. It was a strange headdress, weighing about ten or fifteen pounds, and very large, emblematic of his clan. A raven's head with beak extended and opened to hold a strip of red blanket which meant, in their eyes, the life-blood of their enemies.

He finished it in the canoe as their journey progressed. At last, rounding the last point, they sighted the fort—formidable indeed, built of logs, two stories high, the great guns trained upon them from every side, and for a moment the stout hearts of the men failed.

But their chief rallied them, saying, "Brothers! My heart is strong! Follow me!" And follow him they did, right up to the door of the fort, until one

by one his men had fallen and crept away to die or to bind up their wounds; and our chief, with his great helmet and his dauntless spirit, was left alone. With lifted spear he rushed straight at the door of the fort, and then, as the last shot rang out from the walls, he leaped into the air and fell motionless. For three hours he lay there, until from beneath his helmet he saw the great door slowly opened, saw the commandant of the fort come from it, saw him approach cautiously, and strike at his head with his sword! This was Katlian's opportunity, and, springing up with a yell which echoed across the bay, he attacked the officer, who, panic-stricken, fled into the fort, leaving the door open, and up to the second story, where all the inmates were gathered.

Katlian entered, and, finding all the lower story filled with oil and fuel, he fired the building, and all its inmates perished in the flames.

Encouraged by their success, the survivors of the chief's band sailed on to the present site of the town of Sitka, and there prepared for the attack which they knew must follow as soon as the next fire-canoes arrived: collecting large stores of fish, of berries, of venison, building a bomb-proof cellar on what is now known as Government Park, between the bay and Indian River, and then

when all things were ready, waiting anxiously for the first sign of the coming ships. At last, from the watch on Old Castle Hill, the cry came, "Oo-oo-o-o-h! Gun-ten-youkh hah-dah-yah na cokh!" (fire canoe is coming), and instantly all was excitement, the women and children hurrying into the mountains, the men entering the cellar. By this time the Russians had entered the harbor, and seeing nothing of the natives, supposed that, frightened, they had taken to the woods. So two boats were sent ashore in command of two young officers, to obtain a supply of fresh water. But they were surprised by the natives, and all met their death in full sight of the ships in the bay. This action on the part of Katlian and his followers of course declared war, and the ships at once opened fire upon what they supposed to be a native village hidden among the trees. This bombardment continued for some hours, and, as Katlian kept his men hidden and absolutely quiet, the Russians became over-confident and, thinking all were killed, landed a large force, sending all their small boats ashore. Anticipating no resistance, they were marching up the beach when they were suddenly surrounded by an overwhelming force of determined natives, led in person by their terrible Katlian, always wearing his (now, to the natives, inspired) hat. Confident of vic-

tory, what cared they for death? And so they fought, until the Russians became exhausted, and, turning to regain their boats, found that the tide had receded, leaving them high and dry.

The ships were unable to send reinforcements, as all the boats were ashore, so the retreat became a rout, and many Russians were killed, leaving the field in the hands of the natives. These, again victorious, spent some time in feasting and in honoring their great war-chief. At last their provisions ran low, and volunteers were sent to the island where their extra stores were hidden, only to find that the Russians had found and destroyed everything! Without food the natives were helpless. No course now but retreat up through the mountains, without food, without horses, without canoes. It fell to the lot of the women to carry the great War Hat; if they could carry their little ones and the hat all was well; but if one or the other must be sacrificed it must be the child, not because the Alaskan mother lacked mother-love, but because she reverenced the hat above all things.

Now, three generations later, in the office of the Sitka Training School, stands old Katlian, whose life also has been one war of heathenism, a direct descendant of that first Katlian upon whom the honor and office of head-chief

of his clan had fallen. Surrounded by his sub-chiefs, he tells this fierce old story to the missionaries, who listen with glowing hearts. As the old man talks he holds the hat in his hands; as he comes to the field of war he stands erect, his eyes flash fire, his hands clench, he is living again the old scene—once again he is the old warrior! But, as he nears the end, he proffers the hat to the missionaries, and says, as the tears start from his eyes, "Now take, my brothers. I have tried to be a Christian and keep these old things. But I cannot do it. I could sell this for a hundred and fifty dollars, but I don't want the money. Take it, destroy it, put it in the museum—anything you like. And as I give you this I give up my past life, my old superstitions, and my sin, as all envy, strife, malice, witchcraft, and all selfishness, and take the American flag for my emblem and the Lord Jesus Christ as my Guide and Saviour!"

This is the story of the old hat, given simply to illustrate the power of their old superstitions, but the greater power of the Holy Spirit working in the hearts of the Alaskan natives. Some years have passed since that day, but Katlian is still firm in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. He has passed through many trials, but has passed through them all victoriously.

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KA-TA-DA

BY

LYDIA ALEXANDER HAYS

Literature Department of the Woman's Board of
Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church,
156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

KA-TA-DA

BY

LYDIA ALEXANDER HAYS

KA-TA-DA

A rosy-cheeked little fellow was standing out of doors in the pouring rain, dripping wet, but radiantly happy, because over his head he held an old umbrella that he had found. The handle was broken, the ribs were bent, and through great slits in the top the rain poured down in streams; but the lad laughed for joy as he said proudly: "A 'breller 's a 'breller, if it does be broke!"

So we say: "A boy is a boy, if he does have straight black hair, yellow skin, and strange-shaped eyes; and if he does wear queer clothes and speak a queer language." And as little Ka-ta-da, though a native Alaskan, was a real boy, we expect that he will be interesting to other boys. If they could have seen him at his favorite occupations, wading in water up to his shoulders or paddling about in the family

canoe, they would surely have a fellow-feeling for him.

Ka-ta-da does not remember very distinctly his early home with his father and mother. When he was five years old his mother's brother took a fancy to him. This man had no son, and hoped that after his death Ka-ta-da would marry his wife and so inherit her property and keep up the family name. This seems very strange to us; but to Ka-ta-da's parents it was a familiar custom, and they were well satisfied with such a prospect for their son. Ka-ta-da was not consulted in the matter. He set off with his uncle, pleased and excited with the thought of change, but with a feeling far down in his heart that before long he would be wishing himself back with his father and mother.

Ka-ta-da's new home was a low, wooden structure, perhaps thirty feet square, built on the beach, but far enough back to escape the high tide. It had neither chimney nor windows; a hole in the roof served to let out the smoke, and there was a small door

for entrance, opening inside upon a platform extending around the four sides of the house. Here were rolls of blankets, stores of provisions, etc. From the platform a few steps led down to the large living room with a fire in the center. In this room lived not only Ka-ta-da's uncle and aunt, but one or two other families; so the lad was not likely to lack company.

Ka-ta-da's first friends, however, were the dogs, of which his uncle had a great number. He soon learned to call them all by their names, and to shout, "Ha-goo!" (Come here), or "Chuk!" (Get away). In fact, the boy was at first more fond of the dogs than of their master. His uncle meant to be kind, but he had well-defined ideas as to the training of his little nephew, and Ka-ta-da thought the process very severe. He was to grow up hardy and brave; so every morning he must bathe in the ocean, the colder the better. Then his uncle brushed him from head to foot with a bundle of small switches. During all this time the boy must not cry out or give

a sign of pain. That would be cowardice, and would give his people shame. Very glad was Ka-ta-da when this morning exercise was over. Then he could run about on the beach with other children and watch the ravens and sea-gulls that gathered there in large numbers looking for food. What fun it was to chase them and see them fly away in fright! Ka-ta-da did not like the ravens very well—they kept up such a doleful croaking all the time. One day, however, a raven played such a clever trick that the lad had a respect for the birds ever after. A pig was poking around on the beach digging for clams in the sand. A raven grabbed the clam and flew away; then from his high position he dropped the clam on a stone and came down to eat it from the broken shell. Ka-ta-da thought this so very funny that he forgot his fear of his uncle and ran home to tell him about the cunning bird.

In the spring came a new experience. It was the time for going out sealing, and Ka-ta-da was to accompany his uncle's

party. This was great fun for the small boy and helped to drive away any lingering pangs of homesickness. Of course he took an active part in all the preparation. First the long canoe must be put in order. It had been shaped on the outside first from one solid log of a big tree, then hollowed out on the inside by chiseling and burning with hot stones. In it were stored provisions for several months. Dried fish, pressed seaweed and hard tack could be pressed into small compass; there was room, also, for the big can of oolican oil, which forms so large a part of an Alaskan bill of fare.

All was in readiness at last and the sealing party set out, sailing (or rather paddling) for several days before reaching the sealing grounds. Here they camped for a month or two while the men hunted seal —not the fur seal that gives us our sealskin caps and jackets, but the hair seal, far more useful to Ka-ta-da and his friends. The skins would furnish them boots or a boat, ropes or fish nets, a case for their

goods or a can for oil. The oil itself could be made from the blubber (fat), and the flesh, salted like pork, would be excellent food—for an Alaskan.

You may be sure, therefore, that Ka-ta-da took a keen interest in each day's hunting, and rejoiced at the number of skins that fell to his uncle's share. Those intended for kiaks (boats) were first dried, then scraped and soaked in oil; others were cut round and round in strips for ropes and fish nets.

When the sealing party returned there were many skins to be sold. After that a fishing expedition brought more interesting experiences to Ka-ta-da; and then it was time to settle down for the long, dark winter. They were not so far north that the sun left them altogether, but by December they would be much of the time in darkness, and Ka-ta-da must spend many hours in the cellar-like house, that to us would have seemed not fit to live in. The child was not given to complaining, however, and as he knew of nothing better he

was prepared to make himself comfortable in his winter quarters. He found that the dark hours need not be idle ones. By the light of the lamp he learned to carve in wood and stone, and as in one winter after another his fingers gained in strength and skill, many a well-shaped paddle or canoe gave proof of his good workmanship.

So the seasons passed until Ka-ta-da called himself a big boy. He had learned a few useful things, but was ignorant of much that American children have known from their earliest years. He could have told you about devil-worship and witchcraft, but knew nothing of God's love or our Saviour Jesus Christ.

A few people from the States came, now and then, to the village where he lived, and now a "Boston" teacher (so the Alaskans phrased it) was to open a school. Ka-ta-da was one of the first pupils. Very slow was his progress in learning the English words that seemed so queer, and very hard did he find it to be prompt and regular. Sometimes his teacher had to go to

the house and wake him up. He would dress as quickly as a native can, rub his hands over his hair, and with a piece of dried fish in his hand, start for school, eating his breakfast by the way.

It was in this school that "the light of the knowledge of God" first dawned for Ka-ta-da. Here, too, he learned of the Training School at Sitka, where one could learn to work with both brain and hands. This was the place for him, he felt sure; and though there were some difficulties in the way, how glad he is now that he was persevering enough to overcome them!

Although he knew it not, Ka-ta-da was leaving his uncle's home forever. He spent three happy years in the Sitka School, and learned there to be a good carpenter; then he went out to work for himself, under the English name that he had taken when he entered the Training School. But now the boy must face a question whose answer would affect his whole life. His uncle had died, and the people of his tribe insisted that Ka-ta-da was under obligation to

marry the widow according to the arrangement made so many years before. To do as his uncle's family wished would be like going back to heathenism; but to refuse would bring upon him the contempt of his tribe and would cut him off from every association of his early days. How should he decide?

Ka-ta-da chose the latter course and gave up all claim to his uncle's property. I think he has never regretted his decision. After a time he married one of the Mission girls, whom he had known at the Training School. And so, as this was to be the life of an Alaskan boy, and as Ka-ta-da is a boy no longer, we must bring this story to a close. He now lives in a neat little cottage with his wife and children, and works in the town at his trade. He is still to be seen at the church services. When we look into his face while he sings the beautiful hymns, or offers prayer to "Our Father," we exclaim, "Great is the power of Christian education, marvelous

the change wrought by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all nations and tribes!"

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Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions
of the Presbyterian Church.

The Sitka Training School.

Box L, Station D,
53 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY is an illustrated magazine published by the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, and is indispensable to an intelligent comprehension of Woman's work for the evangelization of the Home land. Each number contains fresh letters from the front, abundant material on the topic of the month, and a department of Hints and Helps which will be found very suggestive in conducting a society. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR. Address subscriptions to MISS S. F. LINCOLN, Box L, Station D, 53 Fifth Ave., New York City.

The Sitka Training School.

Sitka, the political, commercial, religious and educational center of Russian America, as Alaska was formerly known before that country came into the possession of the United States, is still the capital, being the home of the territorial officials, who receive their appointments from the President. History records the fact that as early as 1805 a school was opened, which soon after was given into the hands of the Russians, in whose charge it, and the subsequent schools, remained until the transfer of the country to the United States, when their teachers were recalled. It was not until 1878, however, that a school was opened by any American denomination, though for ten years thousands of natives had met death, while subjects of a Christian land, without ever being told the way of life.

In 1880, Miss Austin, who at that time went to take charge of the school, re-opened it with an attendance of over one hundred, in one of the rooms of the guard house; but the school soon outgrew the accommodations, and it was found necessary to remove it to the old hospital building. The eagerness of the people to learn was measured, seemingly, only by the population; for at the beginning of the school in their new quarters, hundreds crowded into the old building with the announcement that they had come to *school*,

They comprised both sexes and all ages, for an Alaskan has little conception of age, and at seventy-five believes he is able to undertake what he should have done at fifteen.

The treatment given them by the Russians had been so cruel that they gave a quick response to the kindly greetings of the Americans. Their ideas of a school were in keeping with their preparation for it. Their personal appearance distressed them, and having caught the spirit of regeneration they were anxious to do their best in adopting American manners and customs. Being of amphibious natures, the process of getting the feet in proper position required time and patience. To a marvelous extent they "toed in," awkwardly sitting upon their feet, and using the benches for desks. After thoroughly oiling their skins, they were comforted in the thought of advancement. But water and soap were brought into active service; windows and doors were opened, and it is said fans were made useful.

The Boarding Department was opened under circumstances rather unique. A number of boys asked the privilege of taking up their abode in the school building, arguing that owing to the carousing at home—an inseparable part of the life of the native families who are unchristianized — they could not study or live the lives they desired to. This request had to be denied them for lack of room and furnishings. Not to be defeated, they overcame the obstacles by taking possession of a vacant room in one of the old Russian barracks, claiming their right to live in "Boston style." This is the ambition of every Alaskan who comes under the influence of American civilization, and learns a mode of life different from the old tribal customs. The belief exists among them that everything that is American comes from Boston.

They improvised bedsteads out of boxes, and tin cans were made to serve as mirrors. When duly established they invited their teachers to inspect their Bostonian quarters; and to evince their great respect for them, and to make very plain the knowledge they had acquired in the use of these articles, they wrapped themselves in their blankets and retired, stretched out upon their beds, which bore the imported title given to all their household effects. Though the mattresses and pillows were unmistakably missing, their happiness was none the less apparent. Such was the beginning of the Boarding Department of this school. Through the aid of the officers of the United States Navy, who had become greatly interested in the work, other boys from the remote tribes were placed in the school, until within a few years there were twenty-seven enrolled, when the building was burned, and the boys were transferred to the old government building, which was made habitable for them.

In 1882, a new site for the school was selected a short distance out of the village, and a building 100x50 feet in size erected. About the time this change was being made, a Home for Girls, established at Ft. Wrangell by Mrs. A. R. McFarland, the first missionary to Alaska, was transferred to Sitka, and the two united as an Industrial and Training School, under government contract. Another building for the girls was needed, and one similar in structure to that of the boys was erected, 130x50 in size, both being two and a half stories in height. Grouped about them are the buildings for the various industrial departments; thus the school is at once co-educational, the girls and boys reciting together, and mingling together in the dining room, being given other social liberties, with a guarded restraint thrown about

them. Their training does not consist alone in class-room work, as they are given a thorough industrial education, and learn with marked rapidity. After being once shown how to properly care for themselves, they rarely return to their old customs. A brief summary from the report of a former principal, will show plainly the methods and purposes of the Industrial School.

"A few years of sedulous training have developed in some of our older pupils a spirit of emulation, a sense of personal responsibility, self-respect, self-reliance and self-helpfulness, which command respect. Most of our large boys, advanced far enough to read intelligently in the second reader, are learning a trade (being in school half of each day and at work the other half), and the diligence with which they pursue their studies, the zest with which they enter upon iudustrial work day after day, is most praiseworthy of them and encouraging to their instructors.

"All of the shoes for the pupils are hand-made in our shop, under the direction of a competent foreman, and considerable custom work is also done. We are always pressed with work in carpentry. The boys have made commendable progress, and most of them are adapted to mechanical industry.

"The girls are trained in every department of household industry, kitchen and dining-room service. The matron and her assistants give each girl individual care in the details of house-keeping, thus gradually inculcating a sense of personal responsibility.

"Our brass band of twenty members dispenses music for the school, and for the town on public occasions. Lessons in patriotism are constantly inculcated, as the Alaskans are a loyal, patriotic people. We have eight model cottages, occupied by young married couples from the school. The

environments of family life among the young people, in contradistinction to that in vogue among the natives, tend to create new conditions, and inspire new impulses among their own people."

Of one of the girls trained in this school, the governor of Alaska, in whose employ she is, says: "I have never found her equal, as a servant, East or West. I have the utmost confidence in her truthfulness and honesty."

His daughter endorses this testimony by adding, "Yes, all this is true, and she is an earnest Christian. I have found her in her room, night after night, studying her Bible."

These people are quick to embrace the teachings of the Gospel. The beautiful lives of sincerity and loyalty to the cause of Christ, shown in the home life of those who have gone out from this school into the cottages prepared for them, is a result of the work among them so patent that the most arrant skeptic is silenced. They are a credit to the school, and a power for good among their own people. That their spiritual development has kept apace with the intellectual, is evinced from the fact that the native church, under the pastoral care of Rev. A. E. Austin, has received into membership more than five hundred.

It has been said by one familiar with every detail of this school, that it is doing a work much greater than the denomination realizes, but its needs are correspondingly great.

When we consider the good that is accomplished through this great agency, and realize how far-reaching it is in its influence, is it strange then that we wonder why it is permitted to remain limited in its resources? This is the condition now of the Sitka Training School, and the privilege is accorded us of making it, in some measure,

301 3-3-76

equal to the growing demands. There it stands, the largest and most important school in Alaska, an object lesson to the large number of tourists who visit that country; an index of the Christian education given at the other stations. Shall we not earnestly endeavor to better equip it for the opportunities it now has of doing a greater work for the uneducated and unchristianized youth about it?

In addition to this school at Sitka under the care of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, the Greek and Roman churches each have a school, and the government two schools.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, whose knowledge of the educational work in Alaska is greater than that of any other person, says:

"Of all the schools at Sitka, the Presbyterian Training School is the 'City of Refuge' for those fleeing from death; the 'House of Hope' to those sitting in the habitations of cruelty; the 'House of Help' to the starving, homeless, friendless waif; an asylum to the escaped slave; the protector of helpless girlhood."

This is a sacred trust committed to the Presbyterian Church. Let us hold it as such, and by liberal giving, work out its wonderful promise.

Memorial Day Exercises
Sitka Alaska

MONDAY MAY THE THIRTY FIRST

-1909-

OFFICERS OF THE DAY

President—Maj. Flower

Chaplain—Rev. E. E. Bromley Orator—Bishop Rowe

Grand Marshall—Capt. Andresen

Aides—Mr. George Kostrometinoff Mr. P. Treirschield

Mr. V. Georgeson

Historian—Edward Chamberlain

ORDER OF PARADE

Cottage Band

Campany of U. S. Marines

Sitka Brass Band

Color Guard of Sons of Veterans

G.A.R.

Sitka Fire Company

Training School Band

Public School

Russian School

St. Michael Society

St. Gabriel Society

Public(Native)School

Sitka Training School

Residents and Visitors

The parade will form in front of the Custom House at 9.45 A.M. and starting at 10 will march to the Mission Church for the usual exercises, thence to cemetery.

EXERCISES AT THE MISSION CHURCH

PRAYER —Rev. Bromley

'AMERICA'

My country 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring:

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Music —Cottage Band

Selection—Male Quartette

Oration—Bishop Rowe

History—Edward Chamberlin

"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean"

O Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

CHORUS:

When borne by the red, white and blue
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe thro' the storm;
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew
With her flag proudly floating before her
The boast of the red, white and blue.

CHO.

The Union, the Union for ever,
Our glorious Nation's fair hymn.
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true!
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue

CHO.

EXERCISES AT CEMETERY

Decoration of Graves; Volley—U.S. Marines. Taps

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS BURIED IN THE MILITARY CEMETARY

UNITED STATES NAVY

William Brown. Patrick Flynn.
Jas.Sullivan, Geo.Roemer,
Geo.Allison, Jas.Kingsbury,
Jas.Matthews, Martin Mong,
Alex.Leslie, C.H.Schaap,
T.T.Brown, Chas.Williams.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

James Ward, Louis Staunton
B.Donnelly, Thomas Dixon,
Ordo Welter, Otto,Woods,
Alex.Smith, Lieut.G.R.Benson
Erwin Andrews, James English,
Wm.Smith.

UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY

Karl G. F. Jensen,

UNITED STATES REVENUE MARINE

Lieut. L. L. Robinson,
Jas. McKeen, Otto Nelson,

UNITED STATES ARMY

Major M. P. Berry Harry Wilde
James Doyle, Henry Clifford,
J.F.Brooks, T.C.Doran,
Fourth Artilerly
F.Smith, Chas.Daicker.
Wm. Morrissey,
Battery F. Wm.Morris,
Battery C. W.B.Strum,
Second Artilery.
Lieut.B.W.Livermore,
Battery H. Thos.McInnis,
Wm. Coulter, Chas. Walker
Battery C. H. A. Schmidth.
Ninth Infantry
Company F. Wm. Buchanan,
John Jones, John S. Burnes,
Twenty third Infantry
Company E.
Chas. Jackson,

IN RUSSIAN CEMETARY

Patrick Corcoran, U. S. A.
Patrick Burns. ,,
John Hanlon, U. S. N.

COMMITTEES

Executive Committe—Capt. Andresen
Prof. Georgeson E. de Groff
George Barron R. W. DeArmond
Decoration Committee—Ladies and School
Children of Sitka
Program Committee—Prof. C. C. Georgeson
Finance Committee —H. L. Bhart Jr.
Music Committee—R. W. DeArmond
Identification & Marking Graves—George Barron.

Closing Exercises

of the

Sitka Training School

Friday May 28,1909

Sitka Alaska

PROGRAMME

PART I

2:00-4:00 Shops, Classrooms and Dormitories open for inspection

7:00 P. M On Parade Ground

Drill S.T.S. Company

Selection Band

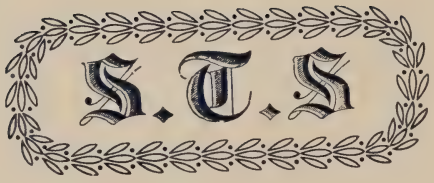
In Girls' Home

Exhibit of Industrial and school work.

8:20 P. M. Commencement Exercises

PART II

Invocation		Rev. Bromley
Selection	Its Up To You	Band
Drill		Girls
Song	The Dance Of The Fairies	Choral Club
Oration	Elements necessary to Success in Life.	William Koock
Solo		Thomas Walton
Oration	Opportunities For A Young Man in Alaska	William Penn Rudy
Song	When Night Fades	Glee Club
Essay	Opportunities For A Young Woman in Alaska	Fanny Phillips
Presentation Of Diplomas		Geo. J. Beck
Benediction		Rev. Bromley


S.T.S

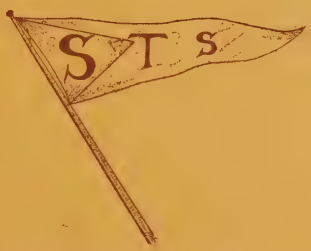
"Purple and Gold"

A Presentment of the Work

of the

SITKA TRAINING SCHOOL

SITKA, ALASKA



"We strive to conquer"

WOMAN'S BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I.

FACTS ABOUT THE S. T. S.

Attendance at the Sitka Training School 1908-09, 115—49 girls; 66 boys, ranging from six to twenty-one years.

In the school department there are nine divisions—the eight grades and the primer class. The industrial department has six classes—carpentry, manual training, printing, engineering, blacksmithing, and shoemaking.

The Alaskans have an intense love for music. Special training in instrumental music is provided for the boys in a band composed wholly of S. T. S. pupils, and for the girls in a mandolin club.

Medical supplies and assistance are provided for by a small hospital in connection with the school.

"The spiritual side of the work is most encouraging. The Christian Endeavor Society has a membership of thirty-one; the Sunday School an enrollment of one hundred and fifty-three—this number including some former pupils.

While the management of the school exhibits a due appreciation of the importance of providing the pupils with manual training in order that they may take their place in our civilization, yet the demand of the higher spiritual life is ever the first consideration."

II.

CLOSING EXERCISES*

May 28, 1909.

A word of command. The bugle blows. The hurry of many feet. Taps sound and the school year of 1908 and 1909 is ended.

The twenty-eighth of May was the day toward which we had looked for a whole year. Not because we wished to discontinue our labors, but because on this day we would pause and see the finished product of a year's work and, in our achievement, see how wonderfully God had blessed the effort of our school, and, in seeing, be able so to plan, that the coming year be far better than any that have gone before.

For weeks there had been intense application in all departments, that the assigned work might be completed and the special exhibit work ready for the closing day. It was with a feeling of intense satisfaction that as the day dawned most beautifully we could say,

"WE ARE READY"

Everything was shipshape. It seemed as if everything had the same spirit of enthusiasm.

The grass in the front yard and the flower beds could not have looked better, even the old buildings seemed to have heard of the coming new ones and, as if making a last struggle for existence, seemed to hide their age and decay as never before.

LAST PREPARATIONS

The morning was spent in the last preparations, and at two o'clock the entire school was thrown open to the guests. In the Boys' Building, the Teachers' Kitchen, the dormitories, with their row of clean, orderly beds, the clothing and stock room with uniforms and other clothing placed and ready for use, were a revelation to those who had never before seen them.

EXHIBIT WORK—BOYS

On the parade ground a two-wheeled scraper and three wagons showed what kind of repair work the blacksmiths can do. In the Girls' Building was the exhibit of the products of the various departments. A corner in the Children's Dining Hall was furnished as a living room in a home, everything in the room being made in the school. There were tables, from the tiniest of five o'clock teas, to a massive mission one with chair to match, and several others of special design.

Book cases, picture frames and other articles showed what the carpenters can do besides build houses.

Of special interest was a pair of sheet music racks which appeared to be made of two pieces of board put together in some inexplicable manner, but in reality was one piece of board cut in two in a way that would not come apart.

The blacksmiths showed an air-tight stove of iron decorated with brass.

The shoemakers had a fine assortment of shoes displayed, also cartridge belts and holsters.

The print shop made no special display as the invitations, programs, two-color exhibition tags and letter heads of the schoolroom exhibit showed what kind of work the print shop does.

EXHIBIT WORK—GIRLS

The window curtains and a table scarf in this room were the work of the sewing department. The main exhibit of sewing work was on a table near. Much new and repair work, and especially a

UNITED STATES FLAG

made by hand from silk, showed the skill of the girls. This flag was beyond a doubt, the finest article in any exhibit.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

At the other end of the dining hall were two long tables burdened with good things to eat. At one, those in charge in the Children's Kitchen served light refreshments. The other was loaded with bread, cake, pie—in fact, most every article of food used in either dining room was represented, and each article exhibited bore the name of the girl who prepared it.

THE SCHOOLROOM EXHIBIT

Arranged on large sheets of cardboard on the walls was the schoolroom exhibit. All grades from the first to the eighth were there. Writing, number work, language, geography, and the other subjects taught, were represented in a manner that would have done credit to any school in the States.

A TOUR OF THE BUILDINGS

The Children's Kitchen, Sewing Room and Girls' Dormitories were spoken of very highly by the visitors. The Church and Sheldon Jackson Museum were visited by many. The Carpenter Shop and Blacksmith Shop looked rather bare, as all work had been removed elsewhere for exhibit. Many of the visitors remarked that they did not see how such good work could be done with such poor equipment. Our reply was that

WHAT WE LACK IN TOOLS WE MAKE UP IN DETERMINATION

The Print Shop was a scene of activity. The callers saw the Memorial Day Programs going through the press. Four o'clock came only too soon, and the guests departed feeling pleased with what they had seen of the school and its work.

THE EVENING PROGRAM

At seven o'clock the evening program was opened with a selection by the band, played while marching on the parade ground. Then the school company appeared, and under the command of the first sergeant, carried out a series of manoeuvres and left the ground in a pleasing manner. The exhibit in the dining hall was again inspected by many interested visitors and by eight o'clock the two schoolrooms, which had been thrown into one, were packed.

"WE STRIVE TO CONQUER"

The stage presented a pleasing appearance with its field of green boughs flanked by large flags, here and there an S. T. S. pennant and centered with the motto, "We Strive to Conquer" in purple and gold, the class colors. After the invocation by Rev. Mr. Bromley and a selection by the band, the larger girls gave a Japanese fan drill and gave it beautifully.

The same girls, still in costume, sang "The Dance of the Fairies."

Orations and essays were followed by singing by the Boys' Glee Club. After this the diplomas were presented, and the school work for the year was ended.

The schoolrooms will be closed for the summer, but industrial work goes on, with lighter tasks and shorter hours.

*As reported in the June number of *The Thlinket*. Published at Sitka; set up and printed by pupils of the school. Full of interest to those interested in Alaska. Fifty cents per year.

III.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY*

Sitka is the only boarding and industrial school supported by the Presbyterian Church in all Alaska, a country one-fifth the entire area of the United States. About thirty per cent. of the pupils are Thlingets—that is, the people living in the immediate vicinity; the others come from all parts of Alaska.

Do not forget that boys and girls are still tortured to death by old Shamans (medicine-men) unless rescued. The Sitka School is a home for such.

"The Alaskan is not, nor has he ever been, a ward of the Government. He hopes never to be such. I believe he never will be. But, if he is to continue to support himself and take a creditable place in the community, he must be trained thoroughly in the work he shall be called upon to do."

"A man who understands and does well the manual work that falls to him, is worth more in Christian service than a dozen men whose knowledge of their trade or work is greatly limited and who can only half do what they are called upon to do.

"Therefore, it behooves our church thoroughly to equip her training schools to meet the needs of modern industrial life."

"Never was there a greater opportunity for Christian work in Alaska than presents itself to the Sitka Training School to-day.

Girls must be trained more thoroughly as seamstresses, nurses and housekeepers, and boys must be taught to be an honor to the trade which they elect while in school."

"Meet our industrial needs and with them as means to an end, we can do vastly more in Christianizing Alaska than we can ever do without them. The call is to the Church."

There are many lines of work open to our natives, *if they were prepared for such work.*

If the natives were prepared as skilled carpenters, boat builders, machinists, engineers, and blacksmiths, there would be constant employment for them.

Herein lies the Training School's GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

*Selected from the *Home Mission Monthly.*

IV.

ALASKAN CHARACTER

"That 'The Thlinget' represents a wonderfully interesting people is no news to one who has come to know something of the history and personality of the Alaskan native. It takes only a short stay in their midst to discern the depth of character hidden back of their sometimes stony faces, but one that is capable of great expression when the heart is touched. When given the opportunity that which is hidden beneath a somewhat rough exterior will assert itself in true manhood and womanhood.

"Sin, oppression and neglect have done their work, and, indeed, have left their mark, but the proud spirit and true worth still remain. They are responsive and appreciative for what has been done for them. Their expressions of gratitude are very earnest."

"Jack Ahmachwanot, of Nome, arrived in Sitka October 28 and entered our school. Jack is an Eskimo young man who has heard at various times of the Sitka Training School, and has for a year or more been desirous of coming here. Rev. L. L. Woods, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, of Nome, helped Jack to decide to come at this time. Jack left Nome on the Steamship Corwin, October 8.

"After a stormy passage down the coast during which nearly every one on board was seasick the Corwin reached Juneau.

"Jack took passage on the Georgia two days later. He thinks Sitka the most beautiful place he ever saw. The mountains, covered with hemlock, spruce and cedar, make a vast contrast with the more barren surroundings at Nome. He is pleased to find a mild climate here, and often says, 'It's very cold up at Nome.'

"Jack speaks English quite well. He entered the fourth grade in school, which he traveled two thousand miles to reach."

"THLINGET" BRIEFS*

It is to be hoped that a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to natives may be enacted this winter. Such a law is favored by the public and is much needed in the interior and the far north.

We have a brass band of twenty members, a glee club of fifteen members, a girls' choral club of sixteen members, and a girls' mandolin club of twelve members—all which go to prove what is often said, that Alaskans are remarkably fond of music.

The S. T. S. exhibit of schoolroom work at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition covers about one thousand pages, letter size.

All pupils are in the schoolroom one-half day; they work the other half.

Our print shop does fine work. *The Thlinget* is our paper. There are ten boys who set type. Two are regular apprentice printers. There is more job work from the outside than we can do.

The two kitchens burn three cords of wood per week.

We use more than a bushel of potatoes per day.

The children's kitchen provides daily meals for one hundred and six pupils.

They require three sacks of flour a day for bread. It is mixed by the boys and then moulded into loaves and baked by the girls under the direction of the kitchen matron.

The girls in the sewing room are turning out some of the finest work that has ever gone through that department. In addition to all their regular work of mending (489 articles in one week), they are making dresses and other things as near perfection as they can be made.

The work for the boys all tends toward some trade. The girls are trained in housekeeping in its broadest sense.

April 15th, and four inches of new snow on the ground (very unusual for Sitka). Lettuce, cabbage and radishes are growing in the hot beds.

The New Covenant Legion was organized some years ago for the purpose of doing away with the old customs that were interfering with the growth of the Church. The idea of the Legion originated in the mind of a former pupil of the S. T. S.

Through the work and earnest efforts of the Legion, many old practices have been gradually given up.

There are so many song birds at this time of the year (May), that it is difficult to sleep after four o'clock in the morning.

Some salmon traps catch twenty tons of salmon in a day. The sea otter is almost extinct—the seal are becoming scarce, and if the salmon trap is used, in a few years the salmon of Alaska will be a thing of the past.

*Selected from the *Home Mission Monthly*.

VI.

SITKA NUGGETS

"Sitka School is the only one of its kind in Alaska under our Church, and is used by every tribe in the territory."

"Sitka Training School is not for Sitka alone, but for Alaska—a country with a coast line of twenty-five thousand miles, and a native population of thirty thousand."

"What I want most for *St. Lawrence Island,* is new buildings for the Training School at Sitka."—E. O. Campbell, Government Teacher at St. Lawrence Island.

Is it asking too much that law-abiding, intelligent natives should have the door of opportunity and fair competition opened to them?

Are they not as well qualified to exercise the rights of citizenship as nine-tenths of the foreigners hitherto naturalized by our courts?

They should, when qualified, be given the right to hold lands, to locate mining claims, to become licensed pilots and engineers, and to forge forward as fast as their environment and education will permit.

They have always been self-supporting, progressive, patriotic, amenable to the laws, and have readily imbibed the spirit of American institutions.

The S. T. S. is maintained by voluntary contributions.

One hundred dollars annual payment secures a scholarship.

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Price 5 cents each, $3.00 per 100.

Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

To Presbyterian Young People.

Dear Friends :

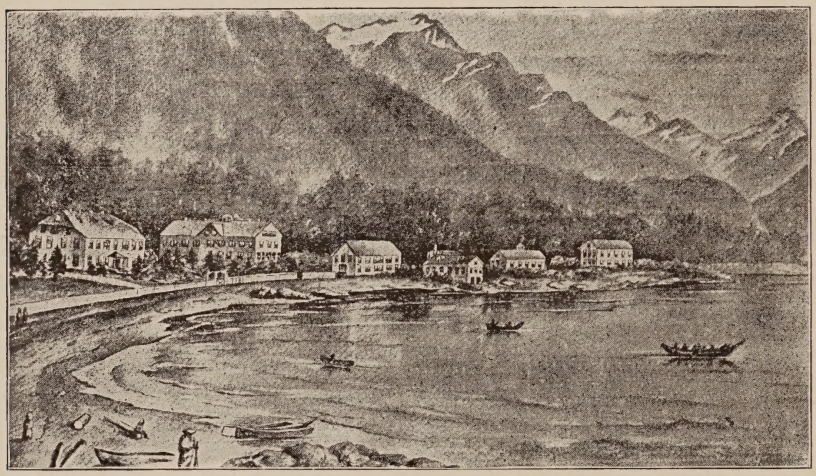
SITKA is the pretty Russian name of the capital of Alaska, that vast possession of the United States that gives us a proprietorship in icebergs and reindeer, totems and a midnight sun.

Sitka also stands for the largest missionary investment in the Northland of that great stock company, the Presbyterian Church, and the young folks of the church make a fairly good array of shareholders in the enterprise, which at this point is the Sitka Presbyterian Industrial Training School for the Alaskans. You are invited to look into it.

A school was opened at Sitka in 1878, but it was not until 1882 that, a site being selected outside of the village and a building 100x50 feet erected, the boarding department for boys was opened and an eager company began to live "Boston way" as they expressed it—everything American being understood as pertaining to Boston. About this time a home for girls, which had been established at Fort Wrangel, was transferred to Sitka and a building 130x30 feet, similar to that for the boys, was built, and the two became the Sitka Industrial and Training School. Since that time other buildings have been grouped about these two; those for industrial training, the hospital and the model cottages.

The whole plant is a busy hive of industry. At the early morning roll call, the

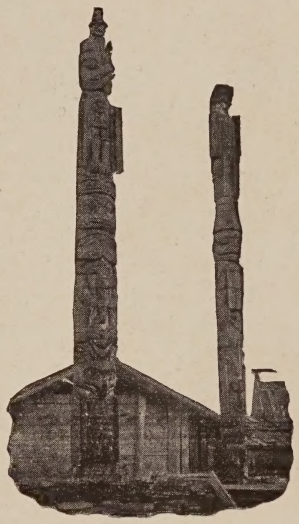
tasks are assigned: one division of boys goes to the school room, another to the shops and a third to outdoor duties. The girls' matron in the meantime is directing the girls to their several places in the school room, the sewing room, the kitchen or the laundry. Outdoors, if you pass down the beach, you will see the boys sawing wood, for about forty stoves must be supplied. In the industrial buildings are the carpenter, shoe and paint shops. In the hospital, the last building toward the east, we find the physician in his office, and the nurse attending the sick. There are in the wards not only pupils from the school but a number of the natives from the



MISSION BUILDINGS AT SITKA.

Indian village, for while this people seem to be a rather hardy race, there is much sickness among them, and the hospital is a necessary adjunct to the school. There the patients are brought under the most wholesome religious influences, and often those who could not be reached at any other time will listen gladly to the precious message of the gospel.

Christianizing and civilizing the boys and girls of Alaska, who are the hope of the country, is the object of all the work. Our missionaries tell us what these pupils are saved from. One says, "Our natives have some strange and cruel customs. Tribe is everything—the person and home nothing. The children belong to the mother's tribe, and the mother's brother has more to say about them than the father. If there were war between the father's and mother's tribes, the children would fight against their father. The uncle on the mother's side takes them away from their parents (especially the boys) when they are eight or ten years of age, and trains them to fish, hunt, etc., to supply his table with food, to cut and carry the wood, to cook the food and to keep the house warm. They also give him most of the money they obtain from their work. He is On Kow (chief) When he dies the oldest nephew is made to marry his widow, and he takes the house, goods, etc., and becomes On Kow, in his uncle's place. So it is not an uncommon sight to see a boy of twelve years living with an old woman of sixty. One of our Home boys, who is now an elder in our church, and owns a nicely furnished cottage, was rescued from such a fate when he was twelve years old.



"We had a man and his wife who had been bound up as witches. When released we hid them away from their accusers for three weeks; the man's wrists were worn to the bone where the ropes had been tied around them. The Indian doctor's power was absolute; what he said must be done at all hazards. He robbed the poor shamefully, taking their homes, blankets and other belongings away from them, leaving them perfectly destitute.

"When our boarding school was first started a dear little boy came to us in great haste one morning asking that we would take him into our home. He came

a long distance, about eighty miles, and he had paddled his little canoe all night long, for he and his mother had been tied up as witches and left outdoors with a guard to watch them. While the guard slept the little boy succeeded in getting the ropes loose from his own hands and then went to his mother and released her. They secured a canoe, got into it and with all their might paddled as fast as they could until they reached Sitka. When he reached us he was so worn and afraid he could scarcely speak above a whisper. We fed and nursed him into a happy Christian boy, in spite of being handicapped with heathen instincts, and the inherent superstitions of a barbarous ancestry."

"Not infrequently girls have run away from home and sought refuge here to escape being forced into marriage solely for the pecuniary benefit of a bale or two of blankets (their basis of money value) given to her people by her would-be spouse. The parents are keen matchmakers, and the girl has no voice in the matter. Her parents and relatives make the contract in conformity with the tribal caste and custom."

We cannot tell all the story here, but this Sitka School is a Christian home in every sense of the word with religious training seven days in the week. Prof. Kelly, the Superintendent, with a noble band of co-missionaries, will welcome you as tourists if you go to Alaska; but even if you cannot see it for yourself, does it not commend itself to you as an investment worthy of the money you hold in trust for the Lord?

Faithfully yours,

WOMANS' BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS.